

QUIT



THE QUILL

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Hail, Uncle Chase!

DOWN at one of the most unusual addresses in the world, Possum Poke in Possum Lane, Poulan, Worth County, Ga., one of the world's most gifted men reached another milestone a few days ago.

Chase S. Osborn, whom this department is privileged to term "Uncle Chase," reached his 84th birthday Jan. 22. He has never made any fuss over his birthdays, in fact he has preferred that little or no attention be paid to them as such. That being the case, his countless friends and admirers from all over the world have made it a point on that day simply to drop him a few lines of felicitation.

Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, sought to honor this great author, journalist, explorer, scientist, naturalist and rare individual of unbounded horizons, by naming him, years ago, its first national honorary president.

Through the years he has aided the fraternity in many ways. And it was a handsome gift from him several years ago (about which nothing ever has been printed before and which he will not thank us for revealing at this time) that enabled Sigma Delta Chi to launch the well-rounded program it has today.

Even greater than his financial support have been his presence at Sigma Delta Chi gatherings, his counsel and best wishes.

Uncle Chase, we salute you! Your friendship has enriched our lives; your distinguished career and your unbounded energy have been an inspiration; your words of encouragement have helped when the going was rough; your strength has been ours.

You have shown us all how much one man can really achieve in a lifetime provided he sets his sights firm and true and remains steadfast to aims and ideals that will not tarnish.

Pictorial Journalism

THREE'S plenty of meat in William S. Howland's article on pictorial journalism in this issue. His is an interesting and informative article on a phase of journalism which has not yet scratched the surface of its tremendous possibilities, a field that offers younger men and unrigid older ones unbounded opportunities in the postwar period.

The title on the article, "Pictorial Journalism Strides Forward," is correct as it applies to pictorial journalism itself, as it applies to some newspapers and to some magazines, but it is unfortunately not true when applied to newspapers as a whole.

The fact of the matter is—much as we regret it—that newspapers as a whole have failed miserably in their use of this most forceful phase of journalism. They have for the most part, fumbled and faltered when it comes to the intelligent use of the pictures that have poured across their desks and for which they have expended tremendous sums over the years.

THIS is especially true when one considers their rotogravure sections. Here is one of the best reproductive processes ever developed by man. Here is a medium that all surveys show to have reader appeal equaled only by the front news pages and the comic sections.

Here is a section that shows amazing results for the advertisers who use it. Its circulation appeal is known far and wide.

But what happens? Nothing, in too many instances. Absolutely nothing but neglect, an almost total disregard of the tremendous possibilities. In too many papers, rotogravure is treated as a part-time proposition. Someone spends a half-day or less a week in throwing together what is termed a section. It has absolutely no rhyme nor reason, no more utilization of basic newspaper principles than a fanatic's dream of Utopia.

As a result, through sheer neglect, one of the most potent arms of journalism has languished in the American press. From a high of 80 sections in 1929, rotogravure sections have dwindled to 35. And of these remaining 35 some are so emaciated, so weak and spindly, they probably will not survive the war.

THERE is, however, a happier note—a promise of better days to come. Things have been happening to roto since 1933. A revolution has been under way, gaining ground slowly but surely. Section after section has been rejuvenated despite the decline of the field as a whole.

If a dozen or a dozen and a half large newspapers—despite paper and other difficulties—will begin during this war period to treat their rotogravure sections as *magazines*; give them entity; an editorial content that is planned, edited and balanced instead of a haphazard catch-all treatment; assign full-time editorial and advertising staffs to them; incorporate text and bylines and, in general, apply to their rotogravure magazines the same sort of attention to content, makeup, headlines and other editorial fundamentals they have applied to their news sections over the years, rotogravure will emerge in the postwar period as an awakened giant, a medium re-born and rejuvenated, ready to do its part in a progressive, intelligent and prosperous postwar journalism.

James King, of William

LAST month's issue of THE QUILL announced that Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, would honor the memory of James King of William, pioneer California publisher and founder of the present San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, by marking either his grave or the site of his first press.

King will be the second journalistic figure to be commemorated by Sigma Delta Chi in its Historic Sites in Journalism program. The first was Anthony Haswell, of Bennington, Vt.

Thus the organization takes another step in its program designed to mark such shrines through the years and to encourage other local, state and national journalistic organizations to follow suit.

There are many such shrines of journalism in America that should be marked. Many a pioneer, many a martyr to journalism, sleeps today with his contribution to his calling being forgotten. Through this program and that of other journalistic organizations this oversight, this neglect, may be corrected in the years ahead.

Journalism has a glorious past—it must become an unfading part of its future!

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William S. Howland

AS a newspaperman who has been working at the business for 20 years, it appears to me that three significant trends have developed in pictorial journalism, by which I mean telling the story in pictures and not just filling in the space between the type with pictures.

These trends in pictures, as I see it, are:

1. Action.
2. Realism.
3. Consecutive pictures which tell a story.

By the trend toward action, I mean that today in the newspapers and in the magazines, emphasis is placed on trapping real action in pictures. Good news photographers try their utmost to get the picture of what happens, when it happens.

When newscasters first came into use in the newspapers, the lenses were not fast enough, the cameramen were not skilled enough to get action much of the time. If you look back through the old files, you will see posed pictures, simulated action, but not very much real action.

Yet one of the greatest of all action pictures was taken many years ago when a New York *World* photographer arrived late to get a picture of Mayor Gaynor of New York on a steamer which was sailing. This tardy photographer arrived just after a would-be assassin had shot Mayor Gaynor in the neck. His picture, one of the most realistic ever made, shows Mayor Gaynor with blood streaming from the wound in his neck and friends trying to help him.

TO DAY'S news photographer puts as much emphasis on action in his pictures as the reporter does in getting action into his story.

There have been some splendid examples in recent years. One of the greatest action pictures I have ever seen was taken by an Atlanta *Journal* photographer at the flogging trial held before Gov. Talmadge, of Georgia.

This showed Assistant Solicitor Duke, of Fulton County, waving the lash which the floggers used while the Governor glared at him. The pictures did not need any words.

Also as good examples of action pictures I could cite almost any football pic-

Pictorial Journalism Strides Forward—

By WILLIAM S. HOWLAND

Chief, Southern Bureau, Time and Life Magazines

tures taken by Kenneth Rogers, of the *Constitution*.

Some of the finest ever seen were those taken of Pearl Harbor by Army Signal Corps photographers. You could almost feel the heat of the flames in those pictures.

THE second trend, realism, is closely tied up with action. But it extends farther than mere action—into the field of portraiture.

Years ago, a look at the files shows the trend was to use retouched pictures, with the lines of character, of suffering, of growth carefully taken out by the Art Department. In those days, any studio photographer would have felt like committing hari kari if he allowed the newspapers to get a picture of President O. Whatta Lott of the Last National Bank which showed that he had a wart on the side of his face or bags under his eyes.

Consequently, the old pictures look very much alike. The modern trend, except in society department pictures, is very much away from this. Thank heaven we have gotten away from trying to prettify everything, again excepting the society department pictures. In these very realistic days, the trend is to show people as they are—beautiful, ugly, slack faced, lined, unlined.

Part of this is the result of improved photography, both from the viewpoint of cameras and from the skill of the photographer. But a large part of this trend is

from the desire of readers to see people as they really look, not as some retouch artist think they ought to look.

THIS trend toward realism is very closely interconnected with action. For example, a realistic picture of a person doing something which he or she is accustomed to do or not accustomed to do adds to the interest.

In this connection, I recall a picture which a smart young photographer on one of the Nashville, Tenn., papers took. He was sent to the station to take a picture of Sir Harry Lauder, arriving for an appearance in Nashville. The young photographer used his head for something more than as a tripod for his camera. He took a picture of Sir Harry tipping the porter. The picture was used all over the country, with millions getting a chuckle out of the scene of a Scotchman actually putting out a tip.

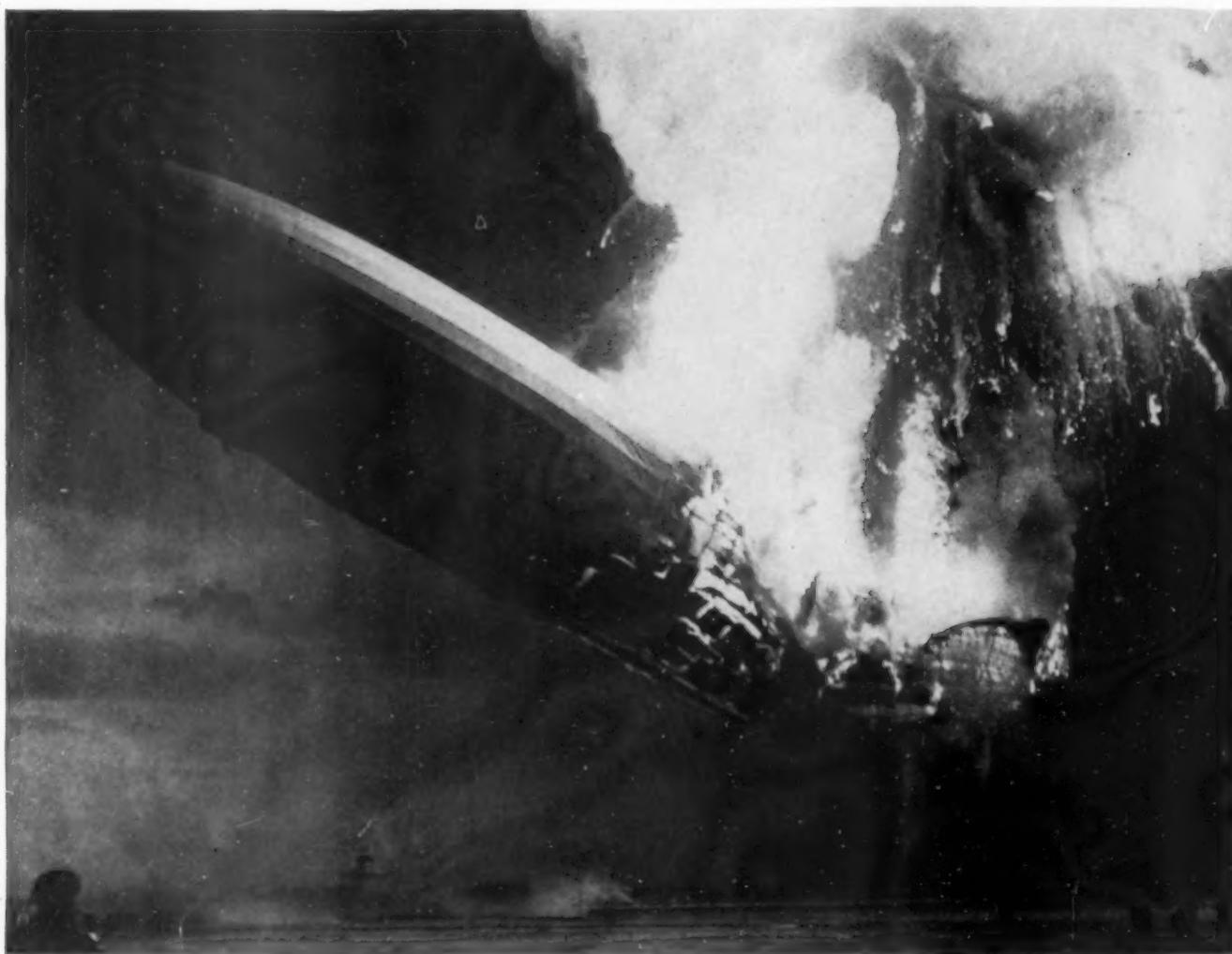
Incidentally, the photographer braced me, as city editor, for the quarter which he said he gave Sir Harry to use for the tip and which the porter kept.

To my mind, one of the greatest examples of realism in pictures I ever have seen was a picture taken by a young photographer on the Roanoke, Virginia, newspapers. It showed an old farmer weeping beside the ruins of his home in which his wife had been burned to death. His little dog was wagging its tail beside him. The picture did not need any words to tell its story of tragedy. As you may re-

PICTORIAL JOURNALISM is one of the most pertinent present and postwar phases of the publishing business and profession. Its future development is both a challenge and an opportunity to newspapers and newspapermen; to those interested in magazines; to those who expect to make photography or photography and writing combined their careers. Hence this interesting and informative discussion of past and present trends in pictorial journalism will, we feel, be of importance to those interested in journalism, either in or out of the armed forces at this moment.

William S. Howland, the author, made these observations at the Georgia Press Institute of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia, Athens. He is chief of the Southern Bureau of Time and Life magazines, with headquarters in Atlanta. A graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy and Princeton University, his first newspaper work was done on the Piedmont at Greenville, S. C., during college vacations.

Following graduation, he became a reporter on the Nashville *Tennessean*, of which he later was city editor and managing editor. He also was engaged in advertising, served as general news editor of the *Nashville Banner* and was executive editor of the *Winston-Salem*, N. C., papers before opening the Time and Life bureau in Atlanta in 1940. Since then, he has covered stories from Mexico to Alaska.



—Copyright, Acme, 1937

This photo of the Hindenburg disaster is one of the greatest news photographs of all time.

call, it was used as the picture of the week by *Life*.

Another great picture which told a story of realism without words was the one which *Life* published of Cordell Hull's uncle and his wife up in the hills of Tennessee. It was a simple picture, just a picture of an old man and his wife seated in their home. But the photograph caught the character of the couple—the rugged courage and honesty in the man's face—and the character and devotion of his wife as she looked at him.

There were lines aplenty in both faces. They told the story of the life those two people had lived. To me that is the greatest photographic portrait I have ever seen. It would have been ruined by re-touching any of those lines.

REALISM and action often can be combined to make a very fine symbolic picture of an event. One of the best examples of this I ever saw—and one of the great pictures of modern times—was the photograph of a young mother nursing her baby in the great Mississippi River flood of 1937.

A young Associated Press photographer snapped it. It was captioned "Madonna of the Flood" and was published in almost every newspaper in the land. I had some complaints about printing a picture of a young mother nursing her baby, but I believe it told the story of the suffering

caused by that flood better than any words or other pictures.

Along with the trend toward realism, there is an unfortunate trend which must be guarded against. That is the trend toward going beyond realism into morbidity. If you have ever glanced at Mexican newspapers, which incidentally are pretty good newspapers, you will see pictures of murder victims which go beyond any realism, into the morbid.

In this connection, it always has been a question in my mind as to whether our widespread publication of the riddled body of John Dillinger on the undertaker's slab carried a message sufficient to overcome the morbid fascination which it afforded.

There was realism, almost to the point of causing the reader of the morning paper to lose his breakfast. The line between realism and morbidity is one which sometimes has to be rather finely drawn. With the whole world at war, it is probable that realism will slide further in the direction of morbidity.

NOW for the third trend—the telling of a story by pictures in sequence or in picturing all sides of a person or event. This might be called a technique more than a trend. It is probably the most recent development and is one in which I think that *Life* has played a big part through the treatment of news in pictures.

Probably the greatest story in pictures ever told was one which just simply happened. That was the burning of the Hindenburg, the big German dirigible. By chance, the newspaper photographers were all set for this story to happen. They were waiting to take a routine landing when a little flicker of flame streaked out of the ship as it came into the mooring mast. In the next few minutes the photographers got a play by play picture of one of the most horrible of modern disasters, from the time the first flame appeared until burned people, their clothes aflame, were dragged out from the white hot ribs of the airplane.

The series of pictures sent out by the Associated Press on that told a story that could not be matched in words. Some alert newspapers devoted their entire front pages to this play by play story. It was worth it.

This trend is being developed more and more, both by newspapers and by magazines. It shows up to particular advantage in picture stories of football games in which the photographer traces a critical play, such as a forward pass, from start to finish in several pictures. It also is being used extensively in picture stories of the war. To my mind it is the field in which the use of news pictures can make the greatest progress.

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Operating Under Little or No Restraint, Sometimes the Civil War Papers Spilled Secrets

By T. HARRY WILLIAMS

THE Civil War was made to order for the press. From the journalistic viewpoint, this was the best of all wars. Newspapers could say practically anything they wanted to about the government and the conduct of the war, and they could print practically any war information they wanted to. Freedom to criticize and freedom to inform. What more could any journalist ask?

Censorship in the shape we know it today simply did not exist in the Civil War. The governments of the Union and of the Confederacy made sporadic and clumsy attempts to prevent important military news from leaking out to the press. This work was entrusted to the Secretaries of State or War, who performed it infrequently and generally ineffectively. Nor was there much suppression of newspapers for their editorial views or their revelations of vital war information.

The Chicago *Times*, a Peace Democrat sheet, was suspended by Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, who acted without authorization from the government. President Lincoln, a firm believer in the freedom of the press, revoked Burnside's order.

Two New York Democratic papers, the *World* and *Journal of Commerce*, once printed a supposed proclamation by Lincoln calling for a huge increase in the army. The proclamation was a forgery penned by a man who hoped to make a fortune rigging the stock market in the crisis he thought would follow the publication of such a document.

The government suspected the journals of trying to undermine popular morale and suspended them. The suspension lasted three days. The government found out the editors had been the victims of a hoax and permitted them to resume publication. No paper in the Confederacy was suppressed.

THREE was little official inspiration of news or planting of stories. Lincoln once entered into an arrangement to furnish the *New York Tribune* with certain kinds of news in return for editorial support for the administration, but neither party to the agreement seems to have been very active in carrying it out.

Lincoln's Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, devoted more attention to the press than any other official on either side. Stanton feared that the administration would not get a fair, accurate presentation in Northern newspapers because the *Associated Press* was controlled by the Democrats.

To counteract this he wrote letters to influential papers, furnished them with judiciously edited War Department dispatches, and encouraged certain of his employees to insert material in the smaller journals. A struggling Republican paper in Louisville was unable to secure the services of the *Associated Press*. Stanton came to the rescue by offering to provide official dispatches. In return he insisted upon dictating the editorial policy—the sheet must follow the Republican line.

THE newspapers, North and South, employed their almost complete freedom from restraint to denounce the administration for a multiplicity of sins, show how the war was being waged incorrectly, lecture the generals on strategy, and disclose military information that might better have been kept secret.

The journalistic air rang with condemnations and abuse. Some of the condemnations were justified and some were not, and nearly all the abuse was in gross bad taste judged by modern standards. The reader of today turning over the newspapers of that lustier period is apt to conclude that this welter of criticism



T. Harry Williams

Turns pages back to yesteryear

undermined national unity. Today we would not permit it; we would be afraid to. The governments of the Civil War permitted it and leaned before the blast.

Once Lincoln found himself misrepresented in the *New York Tribune*. His friends urged him to make an issue with the *Tribune*, to set his position aright. He declined. In such a controversy, he said, he would have no chance. His first attempt at explanation would be misrepresented and so would every other attempt he might make. He would look worse at the end than at the beginning. There was no way for even the President to fight a great paper, Lincoln concluded.

IT cannot be demonstrated that the Civil War press damaged national unity, although it undoubtedly did in some degree. But it is certain that the absence of censorship of war news impeded the war effort of both sides. Confederate and Union generals eagerly perused enemy journals to find out the plans of their adversaries and more often than not secured what they wanted.

Two examples of newspaper revelation of what should have been military secrets are noteworthy. In 1864, the Northern government decided to capture Fort Fisher, the guardian of Wilmington, N. C., the last great Confederate port through which blockade runners operated.

A huge armada of warships and transports was assembled. The press published full accounts of the preparations and headlined them thus: "Big fleet gathering at Hampton Roads," "Fort Fisher its probable destination."

Thus the Confederates were apprised of a coming attack and of the strength of the expedition. Again in 1864, Gen. W. T. Sherman, after his capture of Atlanta, decided to march across Georgia to the sea. He wondered what his Confederate opponent, John B. Hood, would do to stop him. Soon Sherman found out—from Southern newspapers. Hood would march northward into Tennessee hoping to draw Sherman after him.

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THIS interesting article on the manner in which newspapers operated during the Civil War Period is the work of T. Harry Williams, assistant professor of history at Louisiana State University.

Prof. Williams is from Wisconsin and received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1937. He has since taught at Wisconsin, West Virginia University and the University of Omaha before going to L. S. U.

He is author of two books, "Lincoln and the Radicals" (University of Wisconsin Press, 1941) and "Selected Writings and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln" (Packard & Co., 1943) and has contributed articles to various historical journals.

The Secret of Frank Cobb's Editorial

TWENTY years ago, Dec. 21, 1923, after almost 20 years of editorial writing for the New York *World*, Frank Irving Cobb, "in professional circles, the most distinguished editor in the country," "the strongest writer in the New York press since Horace Greeley," died at the age of 54.

Cobb was the outstanding alumnus of the original Pulitzer school of journalism, of which Joseph Pulitzer was dean and faculty combined. The harshness and thoroughness of the training Cobb received from the blind genius had the intimacy if not the kindness of Mark Hopkins and a boy on a log.

Don C. Seitz has described it in detail in *Joseph Pulitzer: His Life and Letters*. Henry F. Pringle, in the biographical article, "The Newspaper Man as an Artist," *Scribner's*, February, 1935, also tells how a great editor was disciplined by a man who was "forever unsatisfied" with many things and many men.

The writing of this recruit, picked by a Pulitzer scout from the Michigan "league," was "crude and verbose" when he came to New York. It came to have a sledgehammer directness, if not a literary charm and grace. It came to make history as well as to comment on it. Both his writing and his ideas have vitality today.

ALTHOUGH no Pulitzer prize for editorial writing was ever awarded Cobb—perhaps because he resolutely refused it—he received from Woodrow Wilson this tribute:

I have known no man whose sturdiness of character and clear vision of duty impressed me more than those of Frank I. Cobb. He completely won my confidence and affection and I recognized in him a peculiar genius for giving direct and effective expression to the enlightened opinions which he held. I consider his death an irreparable loss to journalism and to the liberal political policies which are necessary to liberate mankind from the errors of the past and the partisan selfishness of the present.

When his colleague, John L. Heaton, collected 100 of Cobb's editorials, addresses and his only two magazine articles for publication,* one reviewer declared that "it should be a permanent textbook of the art of sound leader writing." Another reviewer pointed to Cobb's "capacity to dig and discover facts and then array them vigorously." This reflected the editor's belief that facts were more important than theories, and supported his own words:

You cannot make a good editorial writer out of a man who hasn't a sense of news. That is why the best editorial writers are men who have had experience in gathering and presenting the news of the day. I never knew a good editorial writer who was not a good reporter.

Another reviewer of the compiled editorials wrote: "Cobb knew what he wanted to say before he began writing. When he said it he stopped." Again Cobb practiced what he preached. In a talk at

*Cobb of "The World," E. P. Dutton and Company, 1924. Quotations used by permission.

Analysis of Noted Editor's Style Shows How He Used Words as Weapons

By A. GAYLE WALDROP

a forum sponsored by a New York church in 1920, a Columbia school of journalism student heard him say:

The requirements of a good editorial are to have something to say; to say it in the clearest and most concise manner possible. Many editorials are overwritten. It takes time and work to be brief.

In the same informal talk the editor of the crusading New York *World* said:

Crusades are something not really in the day's news but sometimes are more important. They need restraint and purpose to be worth doing. A lot of crusading is worse than wasted effort.

COBB'S editorials had a sweep and a ring characteristic of the rough Michigan lumber camps where he spent his boyhood, where he earned money to go to Michigan State Normal School. When his biography is written it is likely to reveal that he owed more to his early environment than to his 13 years on Grand Rapids and Detroit newspapers as reporter, political correspondent, city editor and editorial writer; more to it than to his association with Joseph Pulitzer and the *World* staff; in developing his shining sincerity, his deep devotion to the democratic ideal, his abiding trust in the American people, and his combative rather

than conciliatory spirit in championing their welfare.

He thought and wrote from contact with people, not from the too-often insulated, self-contained and self-sufficient world of the college undergraduate. His early environment conditioned him to be a fighter. Of him it could not be said, as he said of one of his staff: "He is too judicial, too fair, to be a great editor."

To him a good and great editorial—beyond price, ranking with a great news beat—was not analysis, not syllogistic reasoning, not solemn progression from cause to effect. It was an able presentation of facts, fortified with forthright opinions. His editorials are well documented, particularly in the field of American history and politics.

COBB came to the *World* with an unusual knowledge of history and politics. Before he came he had cited American scripture to the discomfiture of Theodore Roosevelt. After he came he continued to do so. Pulitzer encouraged him to have the whole of American history at his fingertips. But such advice was hardly necessary, for he was one of those men whose education never stopped. He was an inveterate reader.

To his lumber camp days, too, there is reason to think he may have owed his deficiency in humor, his singleness of devotion to his work, his finding mental relaxation in physical toil. Saturdays and Sundays Cobb spent on his Connecticut

IN these days when some are saying that newspaper editorials have lost their power, punch and prestige; that readers no longer are influenced by what they see in the editorial columns (if they read them at all); perhaps it is well to turn back to the editorial word-masters of old to examine what it was they had to win and influence people.

A. Gayle Waldrop, who made this penetrating study of the late Frank Cobb's style, is a keen, enthusiastic student of the power of editorials and of the styles of outstanding writers. You may recall his article in *The Quill* some months ago—"Churchill—Master of Words"—in which he showed with interesting and inspiring clarity just how the Prime Minister builds his messages to obtain the greatest possible effect.

Prof. Waldrop has been a member of the journalism staff at the University of Colorado since 1922, having served prior to that at Southern Methodist University. He is a graduate of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, and has B.Litt. and M.A. degrees from Columbia University. He has worked during vacation periods on the Christian Science Monitor, Associated Press and New York *World*; written editorials for Boulder, Colo., papers, and freelanced for various other newspapers and magazines.

Prowess—

farm, exhausting his body to rest his mind. Returning to New York he did not dissipate his energies by accepting the many invitations to make addresses, nor did he write books or magazine articles. To the *World*, as much his newspaper as if he had owned it, he gave his time and thought. It was worthy of his best. It had a priority on his mind.

Not too much humor is to be found in his editorials. The light touch was not his. Life had been and was too serious for him to leaven his editorials with laughs. Now and again there was a satirical or ironical thrust.

In one editorial, "Sedition!" whose thought and tone are needed periodically in the face of recurring proposals to restrict freedom of speech and of the press, he wrote:

We are willing, of course, as a law-abiding institution, to dissociate ourselves completely henceforth from the incendiary sentiments of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, John Hancock, Roger Sherman, Samuel Adams, Robert Morris and the other mischievous radicals who signed the Declaration of Independence . . . The *World* can easily suppress it in all future editions of the Almanac, but in the meantime the mischief has been done for 1920 and the seditious utterances of Thomas Jefferson have been scattered to the four corners of the country. . . . We can only beg for mercy and for such consideration as the Department of Justice may graciously grant. . . . Down with the Declaration of Independence!

"A MASTER of the art of sound leader writing," Cobb knew well the value of the strong title, the direct opening paragraph, and of circling back from the final paragraph to the first. His choice of titles reveals his use of strong words, of questions, of contrast, of alliteration. Consider these:

A Crook And A Jackass, A Charter Of Demagogery, A Charter Of Invisible Government, A Chapter Of Financial Infamy, Mr. Wilson Vetoes A Lie, Saved From Eternal Disgrace, A Contemptible Legislature, A Do-Nothing Congress, Government By Hysteria, Senate Usurpation;

Have The States Abdicated? Is Our Democracy Stagnant? Will Congress Haul Down The Flag? 1796 Or 1917? Peace Or Anarchy? Autocracy Or Democracy, Lodge Versus Lodge, Democracy—Or Despotism, Law Versus Lawlessness—Liberty Versus Lese-Majesty, A Political Persecution, Decorated But Deserted, Only Its Debts And Its Dead, A Legislative Lynching.

He often aroused attention by starting his editorials with short and simple sentences. He left a final echo in the closing sentences or paragraph. Here are examples, with asterisks to separate the first from the last:

Mr. Roosevelt is mistaken. He can not muzzle the *World*. * * * Long after Mr. Roosevelt is dead, long after Mr. Pulitzer is dead, long after all the present editors of this paper are dead,



—Photo from New York World-Telegram

The Late Frank Cobb

Whose editorials had the flash of a rapier or the smashing blow of a sledge hammer . . .

the *World* will still go on as a great independent newspaper, unmuzzled, undaunted and unterrified.

It is too late to talk compromise at Baltimore. [Democratic Convention that nominated Wilson] * * * As Stephen A. Douglas once said, "There can be no neutrals in this war—only patriots or traitors."

The nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President means a new Democracy. It means a new epoch in American self-government. * * * The United States is back to the benediction pronounced by Abraham Lincoln on the battlefield of Gettysburg—"that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The Constitution of the State of New York prohibits representative government. It likewise prohibits responsible government. Those two sentences tell the story of the Legislature. * * * The legislature cannot represent them [the people]. It was not established to represent them, and it is useless to quarrel with the prod-

uct of a system while retaining the system itself.

President Wilson uttered a profound historical truth when he asserted in his address to the Senate that a durable peace "must be a peace without victory." * * * The President has not undertaken to define the terms of peace to Europe, but he has undertaken to define the fundamental principles of peace, and if those principles are not true, then the Declaration of Independence is a living lie.

Much skill and ingenuity have been devoted both at home and abroad to misunderstanding President Wilson's address to the Senate. * * * It is little to the credit either of American intelligence or American patriotism that the most venomous critics of the President's proposals are citizens of the United States who call themselves Americans.

REITERATION, the repetition of the same idea in the same words or by variation, was one of Cobb's chief style weapons. It was not enough to make a point clear only once. The emphasis of repeated phrases, of repeated quotations,

was essential to leading thought and inspiring action.

Supplementing the important weapon of repetition were the auxiliary arms of parallel structure and cumulation; figures of speech, to appeal to the visually minded; contrast, which simplified issues; questions, ably framed to bring forth only one answer, to give readers the feeling that they were participating in arriving at conclusions; alliteration, with a careful regard for sense as well as sound; an occasional epigram, short and quotable.

Examples often illustrate more than one of these style devices in the same sentence. Those selected reveal also his political, social and professional philosophy; and his effective use of propaganda devices, name calling, glittering generalities, transfer, testimonial and card stacking. He had no qualms about using these ancient and acceptable weapons for influencing public opinion in what he conceived to be the right direction.

Cobb is speaking, as the radio announcer would say:

The grave defect of Mr. Roosevelt's corporation policy is that he has no policy. He has advocated . . . ; he has advocated . . . ; he has promised . . . ; he has explained . . . ; he has advocated . . . ; he has undertaken . . . ; he has advanced . . . ; he has demanded . . . ; he has explained . . .

But Gov. Wilson's elements of weakness are vastly overbalanced by his elements of strength. He has proved . . . [nine times repeated]. This is the sort of man who ought to be President.

[Seven paragraphs beginning] To compromise now is . . . [followed by paragraph with three] Compromise was possible . . . [and paragraph beginning] Compromise is no longer possible.

The courts can enforce justice and prevent injustice, but they cannot decree confidence and credit. Neither can Legislatures legislate confidence and credit. Mr. Roosevelt cannot proclaim confidence and credit.

The menace of the Roosevelt campaign does not lie in the attack upon the third-term tradition but in the state of mind that could desire four years more of Theodore Roosevelt in the White House—four years more of personal government, four years more of Presidential lawlessness, four years more of autocratic rule, four years more of Executive contempt for Congress, courts and Constitution, four years more of centralization, four years more of jingoism, four years more of wanton extravagance, four years more of denunciation and demagogic—in the state of mind that wants the New Nationalism, that wants a Little Father, that wants Federal interference with every form of human industry and activity, that wants the States stripped of their powers, that wants the minority deprived of all safeguards against the tyranny of the majority and bureaucracy substituted for the Bill of Rights.

It is interesting to note that within a few years Cobb was praising Wilson's victories over "a sullen and reluctant Congress" as "veritable triumphs of mind over matter." And to remember that he came to the conclusion that "the restora-



A. Gayle Waldrop

tion of responsible, representative government" was possible only when the President assumed vigorous leadership. Events had an effect on Cobb's mind as time marched on.

One editorial, "As It Was In The Beginning," March 6, 1919, is built entirely on contrast, on the deadly parallel between "the same fears and the same doubts, the same tyrannies and the same oppressions" that were conjured up in 1788 and in 1919, earlier against the Constitution of the United States, later against the Constitution of the League of Nations. It is filled with contemporary and classic quotations. Such material may be useful again, after this World War.

Alliteration was a favorite Cobb device, perhaps because it appeals to the ear as well as to the mind. Here are examples:

An assault upon the freedom of the press was logically the next step in the gratification of his revenge upon everybody who had dared to interfere with his policies, projects or purposes.

He had the sagacity to seize the psychological moment and the persistence to press his point home.

. . . curb his impetuosity, check his impulsiveness, chain his superabundant energy.

There can be no "Constitution of Peace" with Piracy and Plunder.

. . . viciously and vindictively.

. . . saved from disgrace and degradation.

. . . victory over disloyalty and demagogic.

. . . to the men who take counsel of courage, not to the men who take counsel of cowardice.

Two epigrams, both about Theodore Roosevelt, are notable:

There is nothing certain about Mr. Roosevelt but uncertainty.

Nobody asks what the country is going to do with Roosevelt, but what Roosevelt is going to do with the country.

BEIDES his "direct and effective expression," what has Cobb to give to the editorial writers of today? Valid and vital are his convictions on at least four important subjects: governmental reorganiza-

tion, public opinion, the duty of newspapers to public opinion, and the winning of the peace.

(1) The replacement of our "rigid, unyielding, unresponsive system, with its enumerated powers and its carefully contrived mechanism of checks and balances" by an "elastic, flexible and responsive system." No finer analysis of why our system was adopted, its defects, the futile steps to improve it, has been written than his article, "Is Our Democracy Stagnant?" which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1923.

Responsibility cannot be evaded in parliamentary government, he declares. Under this system there is no possibility of shifting responsibility from the legislative to the executive department, and vice versa; from the House to the Senate, from the Senate to the House.

Regarding the Constitution as a fetish, he writes:

A democracy that once dared and dared magnificently now alternately mumbles about its troubles and mutters about the greatness of the Fathers. . . . The world moves on politically . . . but the United States in its mechanism of government holds fast to the eighteenth century.

The conclusions which most unprejudiced students of American government eventually arrive at are that the system of checks and balances is unworkable in practice and that the legislative and executive branches cannot be in fact co-ordinate, independent branches.

(2) "The free play of public opinion," he said, "can be trusted in war as well as in peace, and it is well to trust it."

The history of this country proves . . . that the American people can be trusted, and in the long run can be trusted a great deal further than the professional politicians that they generally select to represent them in their government.

The failures of popular government have always been failures of public opinion — mostly of public opinion that was ill-informed, of public opinion that was denied the facts, of public opinion that was misguided by self-constituted masters.

(3) An important corollary to the preceding:

The first duty of a newspaper to public opinion is to furnish the raw materials for it and the tools for its formation.

The gravest duty that confronts the American press today is to bring these vast questions that have come out of the war into the forum of public discussion. The barrier of propaganda must be broken down. The competent, independent investigating reporter must come back to his own. This is vital. The American people can not deal intelligently with any of these problems without knowing the facts, and they can not know the facts until the newspapers brush aside the propagandists of contending factions and get back to first principles of news gathering. All this is fundamental.

(4) "Wars are usually the product of previous wars," he wrote in defense of [Concluded on Page 12]

Pollard Promptly Panned for Attack Against Alliteration

Sports Scribes and Fans Flaming!

By Sgt. Don Freeman

Hq. and Hq. Squadron,
AAF BTC 10—Greensboro, N. C.

THREE doesn't seem to be too much sense to this merry-go-round but for some reason, otherwise well-meaning newspapermen enjoy taking digs at the sports writers whom, it seems, they consider as stepchildren of the profession.

Take John Pollard, who apparently is appalled, and alarmed, if not altogether allergic to the awful alliteration attributed to the sport scribes.

He cites many examples: "Gunder the Wonder" for Gunder Hagg, "Phantom Finn" for Paavo Nurmi, "Sultan of Swat" for Babe Ruth, and so on down the line. These, he claims, give him "an ache in the ear."

He says, too, that he ". . . shall be driven, with Paul Gallico and John Kieran, to say a farewell to sports." All of which gives one a mental picture of super-sensitive Gallico and Kieran, hands clamped over ears, fleeing the intolerable sports picture because of fanciful alliteration of nicknames.

Certainly Mr. Pollard doesn't really believe such utter nonsense. He should know that Gallico and Kieran quit writing sports not because of any all-consuming impatience with their contemporaries but rather to devote their respective attentions to more lucrative and, to them, more self-satisfying fields.

MISTER POLLARD sighs for the days when Ring Lardner and Westbrook Pegler were coining delightful phrases, including such *bon mots* as Pegler's "Notre Dame's foreign legion which stopped off at South Bend now and then during the autumn to collect its mail." Good, granted.

But those also were the days when sports writing was experiencing growing pains, when baseball writers unblushingly called second base "the keystone sack," outfielders were "gardeners," and the ball was, at intervals, "the pellet, rock, apple, tomato, horse hide."

A "golden era" of sports, it also was a similar heyday for sports writers when copy-desks placed no restrictive reigns on wild imaginations and, with the exception of Pegler, most sports writers knelt at the shrine of their "heroes" in an exposition of what some have referred to as the "gee whiz!" school of reporting.

Sports writing since has grown up, however, despite Mr. Pollard's unwillingness to acknowledge this journalistic coming of age. Just what he wants to prove by citing the use of alliteration, both past and present, is hard to say. Obviously, it's an attempt to discredit sports writers and point them out as boobs ludicrously trying to outdo each other in this business of slapping nicknames onto athletes. "Less than inspired" he calls these examples. But to become so excited about it all, to get a literary earache appears almost masochistic in its absurd distortion of the facts.

IT seems almost a truism to point out that good writing is good writing whether

WHEN John A. Pollard, a magazine writer and public relations counsel himself, took time out to prepare a piece for *The Quill* in which he protested against the alliteration appearing on the sports pages, he really started something!

Sports scribes and fans, in the service and out, have taken time to reply to his screed, catching the pitch and slamming back hot liners right at the pitcher's mound. Stanley Woodward, for example, in his column "News of Sport" in the *New York Herald Tribune*, replies to the attack and promptly labels author Pollard "Jeerin' John." Others, appreciating that Pollard was having a bit of fun in needling sports scribes, chuckled and wrote their appreciation for the piece.

"Especially enjoyed John Pollard's article on sports jargon," wrote Tom Rohan, city editor of the *Waukesha (Wis.) Daily Freeman*. Replies of others were at some length and a couple of them appear in the accompanying columns.

it appears in sports or straight news or editorials or movie reviews. And, admittedly, the sports side has its share of both good and bad writers. But so do other branches of the trade. An overuse of the phrasing to which Mr. Pollard objects is bad writing. A touch of it adds spice and color.

Speaking of good writing, it's not amiss to say that some of the best journalistic literature of the war has been produced by former sports writers. To name a few, Bob Considine, Quentin Reynolds, Ivan (Cy) Peterman, Henry McLemore, all have stepped from sports writing to war correspondence, and produced more than their share of outstanding writing.

It seems almost too obvious to mention that they received their training, gained their backgrounds in sports. The late Jack Singer is another whose dispatches gave reflected dignity to sports writing in general.

This could raise another question. One might say: true, sports writers may do well when they go on to other forms of writing, but what about when they were writing sports? The answer could be in a counter-attack which presents such names as Bill Cunningham, who holds a masters' degree from Harvard; Lloyd Lewis, historian and biographer who, until recently, was sports editor of the *Chicago Daily*

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By Corp. Lou Gelfand

ASTU 3700, Co. G,
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ALL the gang is in the service and can not answer the roll call of public opinion. If it could, it would hammer out the jive for more hot dogs with mustard, movies with Garson and Cooper, baseball with four-ply blows and slick mound performances, and above all, more of that sport page savvy administered by J. Lardner, A. Daley and B. Considine.

The American sport page would be just another batch of financial statistics unless there was a bauble of fancy word-architecture. You know? Like "Gunder the Wonder." Some adjective thrower in the hinterlands essayed that one and I believe the populace swallowed it with a grin of satisfaction.

Wasn't it some oracle of the Quentin Reynolds-Stork Club bull-session type that fashioned "Manassa Mauler" for Dempsey? The name didn't give anyone indigestion. It fit like a glove, I thought. Almost as good as those nicknames our flying soldiers label the 17's and 24's that bomb the hell out of Berlin.

The typewriters didn't ask for higher wages when Mercer, Corum, Efrat and company entitled Charley Keller "King Kong."

YOU'VE called some of your friends by nicknames, haven't you? I know all the lads in my outfit have at one time or another been paged by a new name. It adds color. It subtracts the formal sophistication that our gang shuns.

Freddie Fitzsimmons is fat; Ted Williams of the Navy Air Corps still is a kid; if Gloria Callen isn't glorious then millions of swimming fans are blind; and if Vernon Gomez isn't "Goofy" then the Bible was written by Frank Sinatra.

Of course I snicker at titles that fit like a Bugs Baer tirade in a hymn book. But if the Yanks weren't "Bomb Busters" and "Bronx Bombers" then it must have been the American navy that submerged National league contenders in the World Series.

Just ask the Chicago Cardinals if the Chicago Bears aren't "Ponderous Pachyderms." And if you have ever seen "Slingin' Sammy" Baugh pitch the pigskin then you'd reckon that David learned the slingshot method from Sammy.

If Kieran could use them, if Considine has a license to fix 'em, and if millions of American sport lovers love the art, then perhaps we should save the reformers for an emergency.

Nicknames are American.

SOMETIMES the Japanese language course I am studying carries me far from Bob Hope, Harold Ickes, *Time Mag.*, the corner drug store, and memories of "Larupin' Lou" and the "Sultan of Swat."

But when I return from calling on the emperor I want to read a story by Feder or Martin or Cas Adams stating that the reformed "Gas House Gang" of St. Looie town has won the pennant, thanks to

[Concluded on Page 14]

"DAMN fool, damn fool," I kept telling myself, "the wounded aren't supposed to cry. But I did cry. Fear shook me like a fever. A cloud of darkness enveloped me and a great weight pushed my leg into the ground and the leg swelled and puffed and tried to push off the weight. I tried to rise, but fell back with a howl of anguish."

So ran the cable Jack Belden sent to *Life* magazine from Sick Bay aboard ship. The day's communiqué from Gen. Eisenhower's Allied Headquarters in North Africa read: "A dispatch from the American Fifth Army, attacking in the Salerno area, reports today that Jack Belden, *Time* and *Life* correspondent, was wounded twice in the leg during the troop landings. Belden was shot from a distance of about 25 yds. The bullet shattered the bone . . . He was reported to have been with an American reconnaissance party which engaged a truck-load of Germans."

A few days later Jack Belden was taken to Oran, placed on board ship and sent home—in a plaster cast. For seven years he had not been out of a war zone. For ten years he had not set foot on his native soil. But during those years he had earned the unofficial title of "ablest correspondent in the field." And now he was coming home.

When his mother was told, she wept: "He must have nine lives," she said, "and I'm afraid none of them has been too lucky. He was four years in China—under constant Jap bombardment. He had a close call when his boat was machine-gunned in the first landing in Sicily. He was sniped at, strafed, bombed, as the Americans fought their way inland. And during the battle for Barrafranca he was shelled by the Nazis' new rocket gun. He was one of the first three Americans to enter Palermo—so now he is merely shot in the leg!"

THE story of Jack Belden is typical of the stories of all correspondents in any theater of war. His personal courage has been cited many times in communiqués. Subject, as are all war correspondents, to military discipline, Belden is entitled to none of the benefits guaranteed the lowliest buck private. And yet his dogged persistence, his refusal to cut short his duties, and his efforts to get his story through have often endangered his personal safety. Today the major factor in retarding his recovery in his impatience to return to his job.

He was born in Brooklyn in 1910, son of Alfred Godwin Belden. His father died when he was six. A few years later his mother married again and the family moved to Summit, New Jersey. From that day young Belden had had an urge to move on. He had loved his father dearly and could not adjust himself to the new life.

During his boyhood he did odd jobs to maintain himself and was practically self-supporting from the age of 13. He managed a college education, majoring in geology at Colgate University, because he wanted to "find out what the world was made of and how it began." When he found out, he didn't like it, but it was too late to do anything about it.

When he graduated, the depression was in full swing. No one wanted his talents. He wrote long letters to William Randolph Hearst, Ogden Reid and H. L. Mencken, begging them to let him become a reporter. They were not interested.

HE walked the streets of Manhattan covering publishing houses and newspaper offices, but he never got by "the second secretary of the receptionist." Finally he took a job with Lorillard Tobacco Company, distributing Old Gold signs for drugstore windows.

The waterfronts of New York held a compelling interest for him. He knew that as soon as he could he was going to ship out in any capacity to any place a ship might be go-

To the Front Lines

Seven Years of Blood and Battles Made Jack Belden an Outstanding Correspondent

By CAROL HUGHES

ing. He got his chance one day when a ship bound for Hong Kong agreed to take him on as a seaman. He ran home as fast as he could and, finding his mother out, left a note which said, "I'm going away." He did not see her again for 10 years.

In Hong Kong he jumped ship and began a "bum's life" which lasted for five years. It was not of his choosing, but it taught him the terror of hunger, cold, and friendlessness. He had no clothes, no money, and no one to whom he could turn. He walked the waterfronts, fishing into the murky sludge that had fallen from boxes being loaded on ships. He begged in the streets, smoked cast-off cigarette butts to ease the horrible pain that was eating at his stomach.

In sea-going language he was "on the beach." Having jumped ship in Hong Kong, no ship would take him on. White foreigners taunted him in the streets when he begged, saying: "A white man can't starve here." He took their contemptuous coin and blotted out the hurt of their insults by studying Chinese in stray doorways at night. He couldn't get other work because he looked like a bum—seedy, from sleeping in his clothes, unshaven, because razor blades which he had tried to sharpen on glass wouldn't cut his whiskers.

ONE night, a tourist tossed him 75 cents. Cold with fear and numb in his mind, he sat and looked at the money. It was the largest sum he had had in too many months to remember. Suddenly he flipped the coin. It came up heads. He headed for a crap game. The 75 cents developed into two dollars.

Still hungry, his feet practically on the ground, he started early the next day for "uptown" and the jai alai games. He ran the two dollars into \$200 through desperately shrewd betting.

"I decided first to retire," he says. "I had

never seen that much money all at one time in my life before. It never occurred to me that I would ever again be compelled to go out and work. I took a train and headed for Shanghai."

On the way he met a Chinese girl student. She was unimpressed with his stories of great wealth, but impressed with his easy, educated flow of language. She gave him an introductory card to a professor at the Commerce and Finance College that ended in his getting a professorship of English at a Peking University.

The security of his teaching position was of short duration, however, for the *China Press* offered him a job at a salary that would hardly sustain a child. But he took it, for he had never got over his ambition to be a reporter. He ran, of all things, a column teaching foreigners Chinese, painstakingly writing out the characters which would forever be associated in his brain with the bitten pangs of hunger.

WHEN the war broke in China, the *United Press* began a search for an on-the-spot reporter. They compromised on Belden because, even though he lacked experience, he spoke excellent Chinese. From that day forward the syndicate got the most colorful reports, the sympathetic and accurate pictures, that ever came out of a war zone. They were picked up daily all over the United States and carried in every national magazine in some form or another.

His reports were well worth the money it cost the *United Press* to continually bail Belden out of trouble. He knew no rules. He always turned up where he wasn't supposed to be. The urge to get an eyewitness account left him immune to thoughts of danger.

Consequently, the American Embassy, the Consul, and his own syndicate were forever on the alert for the first "Belden wire" of the

THOSE who make journalism their calling can be proud indeed of the splendid writing achievements of the correspondents covering this world-encircling conflict. Never have dispatches been more brilliant, tense, terse, graphic, pulsing and dramatic. Never has history in the making been chronicled as it has in the present war.

From time to time, *The Quill* has brought you the stories of some of these men, living and dead, who have given their energy, their lives when needs be, to perform their journalistic jobs in the jungle, on embattled mountain tops, across desert sands, in the air and on battle-swept seas. We will bring you more of them in the future. This month, we bring you the story of Jack Belden, formerly of the *United Press* and now correspondent for *Time* and *Life*.

Miss Carol Hughes, who writes of Belden, is of the New York staff of *Magazine Digest*. She has worked on the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, the *Literary Digest*, *Los Angeles Daily News* and *Vogue*; was associate editor of the *Newport Harbor Publishing Co.*, owned, edited and published her own paper, the *Harbor Sentinel*, in California; was executive editor of *Tune In*, has sold fiction to most pulps, has appeared in *Red Book* and free lanced for *Glamour*.

es of Danger

day. It would come from anywhere and everywhere: "Jack Belden was arrested by Chinese Military Authorities at Kian today because he lacked a military pass."

The Consul, Embassy, and syndicate would bail him out. The morning after his release would come another: "An American correspondent by the name of Belden was arrested at Lanchow airport today because he did not carry a permit." The Consul, Embassy, and syndicate would bail him out.

His office continued to receive his classic cables: "I am retreating with the Chinese Army along the Peiping Hankow railway towards the Yellow River. I am sitting in the midst of scores of weary soldiers with whom I have been fleeing for the past 48 hours. I have slept three hours in that 48, and eaten but once. Above us is the eternal roar of planes that swoop and dive. Birds scatter in all directions. It is raining here and I cannot help but think of home and the smell of wet grass and leaves in the front yard. . . . Here there is only the sight of suffering humanity and the smell of torn flesh."

A thousand newspapers carried his words into as many homes, and as many hearts ached for the plight of the helpless Chinese. *Time* and *Life* magazines bargained for and won his services. Two days later came the regular Belden wire to the Embassy: "Jack Belden, the American correspondent, has been missing all day. It is believed he tried to run the Jap lines and may have been killed." Embassy, Consul, and home office started their search.

WEeks later, his cable arrived at the New York office. "Along the main northern road in the ebb-tide of British Empire, Gen. Stilwell led our undisciplined, untrained party out of Burma. Through a maze of criss-crossing paths, alternately coaxing, urging, commanding us to hurry as we sought to escape the jaws of the gigantic Jap encircling movement . . . our pathway was blocked by a leaderless, directionless stream of struggling, helpless, pleading, praying, begging, cursing, train of refugees seeking food and comfort and aid to reach India.

"We were plunged, on orders of Stilwell, into the thickest jungles, striking unknown trails, where the only sounds were the screaming hoards of monkeys and the slitherings of the brightest green poisonous snakes. Alternately scorched by the terrific heat—drenched by the torrential

tropic rains . . . afflicted by dysentery throughout our ranks, and by heat, exhaustion, and malaria."

Belden himself contracted malaria. His pulse had been jumping between 110 and 130 when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's army went slogging down the Burma Road. Down he went, to, but not before he had borrowed a jeep and a tommy gun and jolted his way south to the bloody Jap-trap at Yenang Young where he pitched in and helped the British dynamite the second biggest bridge in the Far East. He helped destroy the refineries. Then, leaping into his jeep, he headed back for the last stronghold in the process of being abandoned.

He and a British doctor were the last to leave. They fired the scout cars, burned all the official documents, finally lit out after "Uncle Joe" Stilwell with only a tin of cheese and no water. While Uncle Joe led his polyglot army of 400 on its 140-mile trek through trackless jungles it was Belden who, even though malaria-ridden and still nursing an old wound, chorused hymns and jazz (between oaths) to keep up morale.

At night he wrote in his diary: "This is a dream, a fantastic personal adventure—a dream, a series of violent shocks, sick, hot, ruinous and sensuous images."



—Photo from Life Magazine

Jack Belden

Who traveled halfway around the world before he found the chance to enter journalism . . .

Fear, thirst, and exhaustion sickened him every additional mile. His ankles were swollen to twice their normal size. His legs suffered cramps. Again he wrote: "I shamelessly got down on my belly and wriggled under a lorry, not caring that I was lying in a mess of blood and dirt." It was this diary which he later translated into a best-seller, "Retreat with Stilwell," written between fluctuating violences of fever during weeks in a hospital.

DESPITE the pleas of doctors, and the advice of friends, he got up much too early. Wiring his home office, he asked *Life* to give him a new contract—with less money—but freedom of movement. They did, and he got back into trouble.

He flew again with the Flying Tigers, hopped over to Malta, then joined the gallant Eighth Army and marched with Monty from Egypt to Tunisia. In the invasion of Italy, he left his ship in the first landing boat. It was a short time afterwards, at the battle of Salerno, that he got shot in the leg.

He sent his office a cable—a laughing, mocking thing—while the pain was eating at his body through four injections of morphine. Written in the famed *Time* style, it threw back into *Time's* teeth its own description of him: "Your bloody, burly, silent, brooding correspondent got slugged in the leg at Salerno. Doctors estimate it will be a year before I can use crutches—so you better send another man."

He came home on a troop transport

the last week in November and was taken direct to an officer's ward in Halloran Hospital. He had lost touch with his home, and he suddenly wanted to see it. Within 34 hours a luxurious ambulance drove up to convey him direct to Doctors' Hospital. But Belden was determined to see the town first. So the ambulance took him—propped up so he wouldn't miss a thing—to the ferry, around the waterfronts, and back to Times Square.

Then he resignedly fell back and was taken to an excellent private room in the hospital where he has a telephone, a bowl of fish (brought to him by Clare Luce), 16 cartons of Camels, seven quarts of Scotch, plenty of X-rays, and a typewriter. His plaster cast is completely unautographed, even though his fan mail runs to 200 letters a day.

TALKING to him in the hospital is like watching a merry-go-round whizz by at full tilt. He snorts, he scowls, he fidgets, he smokes one cigarette after another, his body jerks and squirms. He arranges his three pillows 97 times in as many minutes. The bed is driving him to distraction. He has never slept in one enough to understand how it works. His arms flail up and down as his frustration increases.

He has no small talk, speaks like a combination of Plato and Socrates. His rambunctious tongue reveals no acquaintance with contentment. For him there are no secrets, no surprises. Revolutions within himself and revolutions within nations are common experiences. Blood, murder, torture, deaths by hun-

dreds and thousands, new causes, dead hopes have made friends with him and he with them.

In spite of all, he retains a belief that life may be better, and is still spoiling to fight. The idea of gentility bores him, because he knows no way of living now but the sound of a battle cry, the taste of hard tack, the feel of sleepless nights and waiting. A garrison holding an outpost has more interest for him than all the generals in Christendom. He refuses to venerate generals. When questioned on their ability, he says, "The men say . . ."

His rough words can lash the hide off a subject or bring tears to the eyes and fill the heart with imagination. He says of China: "I have spent a dozen years there watching them roll their wounds in the dust and die. I would like to go back." He says of America: "I have forgotten, but bit by bit it is drifting into my hospital room—laughing sometimes, sometimes crying, filled with causes, arrogantly proud, cringing, undetermined, desiring, sometimes good, sometimes bad. I am piecing it together."

AT 34, Jack Belden has never married. For fifteen years he has been a "lone rat" because "a stepchild never gets much of an impression of a home." The loftiest books give him some comfort. He read Tolstoi by candlelight following the guerrillas in China.

People bore him, although he does not say so. It's just that so few things they talk about interest him. They have not felt, seen, or heard what is in his head. "I am a stranger to most," he says. "Even my mother thought I would be the same, but I cannot small-talk. We can only sit with a silence between us." But he glows and breathes the life he knows when an Army man visits him.

His explanation of his life, and his advice against it, stem from his now strong conviction that in running away from his home he gave up his chance for stability in work, for identifying himself with other people, and got himself into an emotional stew from which he can never be unraveled, leaving him forever on the outside, forever alone. But he does not say this in a burst of self-pity. There is



Carol Hughes

none in his nature. His emotional rootlessness is not a part of his conversation. To get him to talk about himself at all is next to impossible. He dismisses the tragic austerity of his youth by saying: "Any bum could tell you the same tale."

He has never made big money, not even as much as \$5,000 in his last war year. He has preferred freedom to go where he chose. Personally, he shows none of the scars of his lean years. He is handsome, with brown hair, unfathomable brown eyes, and a slow-moving smile that follows a long, steady look at the person to whom he is talking. He is quiet, listens a lot, looks everywhere.

Perhaps his own editors paid him the greatest tribute. In a private memo to its staff, *Time* said: "Jack Belden is back. We pay tribute to him as an example of personal courage and an example to those who follow his profession, on every front. For he has been in the front lines of every rank of danger—often beyond it—and so much worse, often alone with it."

The army correspondents had a glorious time during a battle. They went anywhere they desired on the field. Often generals would place reporters on their staff and give them important messages to carry. Reporters took part in the fighting, charged the foe, and carried flags.

WITH all their opportunities to see and report, however, the Civil War correspondents produced but few really good accounts of battles and army life.

Their stories do not stand up in human interest or artistic skill to those being written today under conditions of far greater restraint.

The explanation of this paradox is simple. The reporters of the sixties were not as well trained in either writing or newsgathering as those of today. And this is something the historian, so dependent upon newspapers as sources, mourns.

How much easier it would be for him to write the story of the Civil War if the correspondents of that time, with all the freedom they enjoyed, had also possessed the trained skill of the modern journalist.

Frank Cobb

[Concluded from Page 8]

President Wilson's "Peace Without Victory" address:

A peace without victory does not imply a war without victory; but it most certainly implies that a durable peace must be a peace of justice and humanity, not merely a peace of the sword.

And in "Seeds of New Wars," December, 1918:

Neither this war nor any other war will ever end war unless victors and vanquished move forward from the old ruts of greed, arrogance and suspicion. How important it is that what is to be done must be done quickly is shown by the activity of the forces of reaction.

The dead are hardly buried, the wounded still languish, the scourged peoples still hunger and the guns have not yet cooled, and yet Toryism and jingoism are at work for bigger armaments, trade restrictions and territorial acquisitions, just as though the war had been fought solely for vengeance and conquest.

Ideals are not realized upon the battlefield. Bloodshed only opens the way for them. . . . Treaties plant the seeds of new wars only as the men who make them are selfish and cruel.

Woodrow Wilson's tribute to this editor of the *World* ended with a plea and a challenge: "His death leaves a vacancy in the ranks of liberal thinkers which someone should press forward to fill if the impulse of progress is not to be stayed."

Answered by some editors during the 20 years since Cobb's death, this plea and this challenge should even now command "our service, our devotion and our aspiration."

GEORGE A. MANN (Marquette '29), formerly with the Milwaukee (Wis.) *Sentinel*, has joined the OWI overseas branch in New York City.

Civil War Papers

[Concluded from Page 5]

NO war was as fully covered by journalists as the Civil War, and no journalists ever enjoyed such freedom to write as they pleased. The big city papers of the North sent special reporters to all the armies. War correspondents cost the *New York Herald* \$500,000 a year. Southern journals, with slimmer budgets, depended more on letters written by soldiers, many of whom had been reporters before entering the army.

The special correspondents could observe just about whatever they wanted to in camp and all they could in a battle and send their stuff to their papers. No army press representative handed out censored information to them. Most generals welcomed reporters and took them into their confidence, gave them passes and transportation, and sometimes literally fawned upon them.

One correspondent said that certain officers "sought glory as much through

army correspondents as by feats of war—if not more."

Reporters received all this attention because they could do much to make or break a general, depending on the kind of press they gave him.

GENERAL SHERMAN was one of the few officers who barred reporters from his camp and he wrote, with some exaggeration, of their influence, "The press has now killed McClellan, Buell, Fitz John Porter, Sumner, Franklin, and Burnside. Add my name and I am not ashamed by the association."

Union Gen. George B. McClellan once refused to divulge his plan of operations to Lincoln and the Cabinet. Immediately after this he called in a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, whose support the general wanted, and to this man he revealed in confidence what he would not tell the President.

Willard R. Smith Becomes President of SDX

Asks All Members to Help Maintain SDX During War

Dues Will Help Organization Continue Program for Duration

By Willard R. Smith

SIGMA DELTA CHI is one of the things worth fighting for. Men in battle zones around the world have said so.

"Keep our fraternity alive until we return," is the plea reaching national headquarters from members on widespread fighting fronts. They even have mailed their dues from these foreign fields to help insure continuation of one of the institutions they regard as worth fighting—and paying—for.

Will we, safe at home, do less?

Sigma Delta Chi of the campus has gone to war. As the campus has been a recruiting ground for our own membership, so has it been a recruiting ground for the armed services. Scarcely an undergraduate member is left on many a college campus. Faculty members are keeping the fraternity's name and activities alive.

From the ranks of our professional chapters in major cities and our scattered membership throughout the country the armed services have drawn intelligence officers, slogging foot soldiers, generals' aides, PROs, sub commanders and sea dogs.

SIGMA DELTA CHI is doing a great job for Uncle. But in so doing, it is threatened with complete loss of life and identity unless those of us left in civilian life do our small part for the fraternity.

Economies in operation have been effected the past year. National headquarters moved into smaller office space. A headquarters committee has taken over the duties of our former salaried secretary. The headquarters staff has been cut to an irreducible one employee. Yet service to journalism in general and to our members has been maintained to standard.

THE QUILL is being published bi-monthly instead of monthly but still in its consistently high professional plane. Our Distinguished Service Awards program continues, recognizing outstanding journalistic accomplishments of 1943 in the fields of reporting, editorial writing, and cartooning. Marking of historic sites in journalism goes on as before. (How about the Marine Corps combat correspondents and other reporters at Tarawa?) And the Personnel Bureau stands ready to play its part in finding employment for men returning from service to journalistic jobs.

There is a heavy load of responsibility on all of us at home for the preservation of this program. We are the ones who must fight for our fraternity's life. That responsibility can be met with ease by all of us. Payment of our professional dues is the first and most important step. An active interest in the affairs of a professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, if there is one in your vicinity, is next in importance.

Dues are a duty in this crisis. Are you going to see Sigma Delta Chi through it? I am confident that you are!



Willard R. Smith

Sigma Delta Chi's new president was born in Blue Rapids, Kans., Feb. 17, 1895, and attended school in Pawnee City, Nebr., where he gained his first newspaper experience as a "devil" in the office of the Pawnee Chief, a weekly.

The outbreak of World War I found him a student at Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa. He enlisted in the Army from there and served overseas with the 34th and 3rd Divisions. After serving in Germany with the Army of Occupation, he returned to Grinnell where he was initiated into Sigma Delta Chi and from which he was graduated in 1921.

Following graduation, he became editor of the Dewitt (Iowa) Observer, a weekly, then worked for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, the Cowles papers and the United Press in Des Moines, Iowa. He was then transferred to Madison, Wis., where he served for 15 years as state manager of the UP before becoming associate editor of the Wisconsin State Journal last year. During his 18 years with the UP he covered Republican and Democratic national conventions and other events of national interest.

As vice-president of Sigma Delta Chi, he has been in charge of the fraternity's professional awards program for the last two years.

Takes Over New Post at Recent Banquet in Washington, D. C.

Sixteen Capital Newsmen Inducted into Organization at Meeting

WILLARD R. SMITH, associate editor of the Wisconsin *State Journal*, Madison, Wis., has been named national president of Sigma Delta Chi professional journalistic fraternity. He succeeds E. Palmer Hoyt, retiring deputy director of domestic operations for the Office of War Information, and publisher of the Portland *Oregonian*.

Other officers who will serve with President Smith are: Vice-President in charge of undergraduate affairs—Barry Faris, editor-in-chief, *International News Service*, New York City; Vice-President in charge of expansion—Prof. Frank Thayer, School of Journalism, University of Wisconsin, Madison; Secretary—George W. Healy, Jr., managing editor of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, now on leave as domestic director for OWI, succeeding Palmer Hoyt; Treasurer—Oscar Leiding, of Air Transport, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., New York City; Chairman, Executive Council—Palmer Hoyt; Executive Council Members, officers previously named and Carl R. Kesler, assistant city editor, Chicago *Daily News*; Dr. Frank Luther Mott, director, School of Journalism, University of Missouri, Columbia; Neal Van Sooy, director, Stanford University Alumni Association.

Pending the selection of a new executive secretary after the war, the Chicago headquarters of the fraternity will be under the direction of a committee consisting of Councillor Kesler, Albert W. Bates, of the Public Relations Department, Swift & Co., Chicago, and Elmo Scott Watson, editor, the *Publishers' Auxiliary*, Chicago. Mrs. Helen Pichler is office manager at headquarters.

PRESIDENT SMITH was installed as president of the fraternity at a banquet held in the Hotel Statler in Washington, D. C., shortly before Christmas. Retiring President Hoyt, who had served as president since the New Orleans convention in 1941, presided as toastmaster.

No national convention having been held since the New Orleans meeting, the new president was selected by the Executive Council in a balloting by mail.

The place of the press in the post-war world was ably discussed at the Washington meeting by Col. Carlos P. Romulo, secretary of information and public relations for the Philippine government-in-exile. An aide to Gen. MacArthur and a member of SDX, Col. Romulo won the Pulitzer Prize in 1941 for interpretative reporting and is author of "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines" and the more recent "Mother America."

SIXTEEN Washington newsmen headed by Elmer Davis, director of the OWI and former CBS news analyst, were initiated as professional members of the fraternity by the Washington professional chapter.

In addition to Davis, the following were

Dallas SDX Initiate 3

The Dallas Professional and the Southern Methodist University Chapters of Sigma Delta Chi held a joint initiation service Aug. 17 for three professional members—B. C. Jefferson, chief editorial writer of The Dallas Times Herald; J. Q. Mahaffey, managing editor of the Texarkana *Gazette*, and Garvice Norwood, director of press relations for the Texas Chain Stores Association.

The initiation, held at a downtown hotel, was directed by Lester Jordan, professor of journalism at Southern Methodist University, and Frank Witten, president of the professional chapter.

Henry Humphrey, editor and general manager of the *Gazette*, was initiated by the Dallas Professional Chapter last spring.

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added to SDX's roster: Paul Wooten, chief of the Washington bureau of the McGraw-Hill Publications, Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, and president of White House Correspondents Association; Charles P. Trussell, Washington staff of the *New York Times*; Dewey Fleming, chief of the Washington bureau of the *Baltimore Sun*; Alexander F. ("Casey") Jones, managing editor of the *Washington Post*; Norman Baxter, assistant to the secretary of commerce and former managing editor of the *Washington Post*; Forbes Campbell, director of information for the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and the Office of Alien Property Custodian, both of which are headed by Foreign Economic Administrator Leo T. Crowley; Dr. Diosdado M. Yap, editor and publisher of the Philippine newsmagazine, *Bataan*; Sol Taishoff, publisher of *Broadcasting* magazine; Philip Rogers, special assistant to the domestic director of the OWI; Sir Willmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of the *London Times*; George Lyon, OWI deputy domes-

tic director; Thomas L. Stokes, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance; Barnet Nover, *Washington Post* columnist; Ernest K. Lindley, Chief of Washington bureau of *Newsweek*; and Lieut. (j.g.) Jack R. Howard, former executive editor Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

Plans were laid for the re-activation of the group's Washington professional chapter and Luther Huston, bureau chief of the *New York Times*, was elected president.

Arrangements for the meeting were in charge of a committee headed by Dick Fitzpatrick, associate editor of *THE QUILL* and executive editor of *Bataan*, which included David Lu, *Central News Agency of China*; Capt. Stephen McDonough, army surgeon general technical information section; Luther Huston; Larry Salter, information director of the American Medical Association; Richard LeBan, *En Gardia* magazine; Charles L. Allen, OWI news bureau chief and assistant dean of the Medill school of journalism at Northwestern University; and Gilbert Gardner, Foreign Economic Administration.

THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

Wartime Writing

THE impression persists among many writers, and those with ambitions in that direction, that while the war is going on that the mediums which utilize written output are going on almost as they were before the war.

The magazines which specialize in market advice for writers drum away on the theme that now is the time to set up shop as a writer; or that it is the golden opportunity for the lesser lights to become big names in the field.

The consequence has developed that many people with writing ambitions are banging their heads against a stone wall, a stone wall of non-existent markets.

The number of publications purchasing writings has shrunken almost unbelievably. The pre-war estimate of pulp magazines, for instance, was more than 600. Probably not a fourth are now being published. Publications in the trade and professional fields, particularly those covering occupations not classed as essential, have either folded up or are struggling to get by for the duration.

THE pulps, at least one large chain, proposed to get through the war by using fiction from copies of previous years. The government stepped in, for which every writer should be grateful, and ordered that such a practice would require front cover notice to the readers that a part of the contents consisted of reprints. The pulp house did not dare do this.

The successive reductions in paper allotments to publishing houses has slashed the market for writers. Most publications are concerned with retaining their subscription lists and are making wartime sacrifices with this goal in mind.

I receive a good many letters from Sigma Delta Chi boys in uniform, both at home and abroad. They have deduced that with so many writers, and many of the top drawer producers, in uniform and OWI service, that this is a swell time to crash into print—when normally they would have slim hopes of getting into national periodicals.

In their deductions they fail to see in the picture that the markets have dwindled at least in full proportion, if not in greater proportion, to the number of writers who have taken up various wartime jobs and responsibilities.

ANOTHER factor that may be overlooked is that the boys in uniform constitute one of the largest and most important class of subscribers and readers for these publications. The publisher has lost a huge section of his market. Many space buyers, whose income was most vital to the publications, do not have the merchandise and services to promote and publicize and millions of their prospective customers are in uniform.

There is always a place for exceptionally significant and timely and inspiring copy. But don't conclude that the writing you couldn't put over before Pearl Harbor will click now simply because a war is being waged. It just won't work.

See you next issue!

Gelfand

[Concluded from Page 9]

"Country" Slaughter and "Slats" Marion. Yes, the Yanks will erase the Tokyo express, Pearl Harbor won't be forgotten, and we'll quit the Japanese version of Dirty Gertie of Bizerte—Snotty Lottie of Hakodate. But don't let "Lippy Leo" and "Rowdy Richard" and the "Brown Bomber" leave the American scene. We'll be thinking of 'em when we send letters from Tokyo!

Help Wanted

NATIONAL MAGAZINE in Chicago has opportunity for energetic all-round desk man qualified for rewrites and features who keeps eye on job, not clock. Discerning editorial judgment essential, experience and college background desirable. Starting salary \$60-\$80. State full details including draft status and submit samples. Box R, care of *THE QUILL*.

Serving With Navy



Lieut. (j.g.) Leslie E. Strang

Lieut. Strang (De Pauw '28) was industrial advertising manager of Commercial Investment Trust, Inc., New York City, before leaving for duty in the Naval Reserve. He had been with C.I.T. for more than seven years, five as assistant director of public relations and advertising and the last two as industrial advertising manager.

1ST LIEUT. EUGENE PHILLIPS (Georgia '39), after three years with the combat forces, the last 12 of them actually in the fighting in the Mediterranean area, has been assigned to the North African Public Relations Office. QUILL readers will remember his articles from time to time since graduation, particularly his "Somewhere at Sea, Bound for Battle," written on the eve of the African invasion.

CORP. GEORGE W. WOLPERT (Marquette '28) is now with an Infantry Service Co., Camp Adair, Ore. He formerly headed a Milwaukee public relations organization.

WILLARD M. J. BAIRD (Michigan State '40) was recently advanced from the rank of 1st Lieutenant to that of Captain by the U. S. Signal Corps. He is stationed at Arlington, Va. Capt. Baird worked for the Port Huron (Mich.) Times Herald and the Detroit bureau of the Associated Press before entering the Army Dec. 5, 1941.

PFC. BRUCE A. WILSON (Northwestern '43) is feature editor and photographer on the Wright Take-Off, enlisted man's paper at Wright Field, Dayton, O. The paper is edited by S/Sergt. Jack Kanter, formerly of the Chicago Times.

CORP. NORMAN A. SCHORR (Michigan '40) was last reported at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

WARRANT OFFICER PAUL F. VEBLEN (Minnesota '40) is Personnel Adjutant of an Armored Field Artillery Battalion, Camp Cooke, Calif.

SERGT. HERB BECHTOLD (Marquette '40) received a direct commission as a Second Lieutenant in the Medical Administrative Corps of the Army while stationed in North Africa. He subsequently was ordered to Sicily.

THE QUILL for January-February, 1944

SERVING UNCLE SAM

AVIATION CADET CARL A. WILDNER has been attending Akron (O.) University with the 3rd College Training Detachment following preliminary flight training at Gen. Mitchell Field, Milwaukee, and the Fontana School of Aeronautics, Rochester, Minn.

AVIATION CADET GEORGE C. ALFORD (Washington & Lee '42) was among those receiving their wings at the Lubbock Army Air Field, Texas, last December.

CONRAD MANLEY (Oklahoma '36) was at last report on the staff of Admiral D. B. Beary, Commander Fleet Operational Training Command, U. S. Atlantic Fleet, serving as assistant fleet schools officer. In addition, he edits the "house organ" of the fleet, the *COTCLANT News Letter*.

LIEUT. PAUL B. NELSON, former publisher of *Scholastic Magazine*, Chicago, and member of the Executive Council of Sigma Delta Chi, is serving with the Commander Service Force, Seventh Fleet, c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

ANTHONY J. KOELKER (Iowa State '32) former manager of the publicity department for the Blue Network's Central Division, with headquarters in Chicago, was commissioned a Lieutenant (j.g.) USNR, last October.

"Beyond Duty"



Raymond Clapper

Just as this issue of THE QUILL was on the press, there came the startling, saddening word that Raymond Clapper, Washington columnist for the Scripps-Howard newspapers and past national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, had died in an airplane crash during the Marshall Islands invasion.

Tributes to him as a man and a reporter have filled the air and the press since the announcement. Never did a man more deserve such accolade, for Ray Clapper was truly outstanding among the foremost newspapermen of his time.

Goes Overseas



Capt. Irving Dilliard

Capt. Dilliard, past national president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, and former editorial writer for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, has completed his work at the School of Military Government, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., and been assigned to duty overseas.

LIEUT. TULLY A. NETTLETON, past national president of Sigma Delta Chi and formerly Washington correspondent and later an editorial writer for the *Christian Science Monitor*, is serving with the United States Navy.

LIEUT. JACK O. STONE (Oklahoma '31) was last heard from at Majors Army Air Field, Greenville, Texas, where he was public relations officer. He previously had been at Lubbock Army Air Field and South Plains Army Air Field, Lubbock, Texas.

ENSIGN C. E. WEILEPP (Northwestern '39) was last reported attending Communications School at Harvard.

FRED K. ROSS (Washington '30), Y1/c, USNR, after various assignments for two years, was assigned last fall to the staff of the Navy's *Bureau of Personnel Information Bulletin*, monthly magazine, edited by LIEUT. J. B. LIEBERMAN (Illinois '35).

TRUMAN POUNCEY (Texas U '35), for five years a reporter and photographer on the Dallas (Texas) *Morning News and Journal* following service on other Texas papers, is on leave from his duties as assistant professor of journalism at the University of Oklahoma. Inducted into the Army last May, he was sent to the Army Air Forces technical training center at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., to train for service in the photographic section. Present assignment not known.

LIEUT. JOHN O. THISLER was a junior at Kansas State College, majoring in industrial journalism, when he left in January, 1941, to become city editor of the Abilene Daily Reflector. He was inducted into the Army in April 1942; graduated from OCS at Fort Benning, Ga., Dec. 4, 1942, and first stationed at Fort Hayes, O. He was last reported at Camp Shelby, Miss., with Co. I, 166th Infantry.

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Memorable Memories

SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE, by Robert J. Casey. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis and New York. 347 pp. \$3.00.

Bob Casey, of the Chicago Daily News, agrees that newspapermen do meet "such interesting people," but that all of them are newspapermen.

In *Such Interesting People*, Casey's 19th book, he sits down beside your reading lamp and tells you of the fabulous reporters and editors who scooped and drank their way through a journalistic era forever gone. The names will be strange to younger newsmen, but their escapades will invoke yearnings for days the youngsters never knew, and will never know.

You'll meet the cat for whom the *News* bought a quart of milk daily for 30 years . . . long after the cat, the milkman, Mrs. Victor Lawson and the old *News* building were gone . . . the story Dempster MacMurphy called "the story of the *Daily News*."

Such Interesting People is full of stories, none of them as long as the reader hopes, all of them more thrilling than the reader can imagine. You won't get much of the Casey autobiography here, because the reminiscent Mr. Casey is telling the romance of a profession, the stories of scores of "interesting" reporters.

Junius Wood reorganizes the Russian police system after they invite him to leave the country; Ted Alvord of the Kansas City *Star* cracks a joke supreme after the Indian rain dance fails to relieve a drought-stricken community; Lord Northcliffe discovers why the little man with \$5,000 spends weekends in the London *Times* building; a reporter's dream comes true and he is present when a murder is committed; one newspaper has three managing editors who vie with each other for top authority, and who toss each others' copy into the hell box; the foreign language dailies, and the staff that goes home early because all the columns are already full.

For 347 pages Casey talks (for the book is more conversational in style than any other recent tome) to you of the past. Any newsmen who labors under the stricter eye of the Spirit of Newspapers Present without reading this account of the Spirit of Newspapers Past, is missing a real treat.—VINCE DAVIS.

Magnificent Monty!

MEDITERRANEAN ASSIGNMENT, by Richard McMillan, 332 pp. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. \$3.

While this is a penetrating study of the whole Mediterranean theatre of the war from November, 1940, down to the present, it is particularly notable for its inspiring story of Gen. Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, "the Desert Cromwell," and the manner in which he took the beaten and wholly discouraged Eighth Army and made it into the superb fighting machine that drove Rommel and his forces clear across Africa and then, with the added help of the Yanks, additional British forces and the Fighting French, clear off the continent.

Richard McMillan has spent the last 16

years as a foreign correspondent for the *United Press* in various European capitals and war fronts. The first war correspondent licensed by the BEF, he has seen nearly every important action of the British Army on the European and African fronts.

He saw the fighting in Belgium, the fall of France and the London blitz of 1940. He was with the Greek army in Albania and writes feelingly of those gallant fighting men. His present comprehensive chronicle begins in November, 1940, with a two-day assignment to visit Gibraltar for a story on its defenses. Forbidden to land there, he sailed on with the British fleet for two years of roaming the Mediterranean battlefield, "from Tsamuria to Tobruk, Crete to Capuzzo, and Albania to Alamein."

His is the story of the tides of battle that shifted back and forth as the desert sands—of, how and why the Italians were licked to a frazzle by the British, only to have Hitler send Rommel and his legions to turn the tables; how it was the British did a heroic job of defending Tobruk for an eight-month siege, only to lose it in 26 hours after a reinforced Rommel unleashed a drive that carried him to the defenses of Alexandria and Cairo.

Then the epic story of Montgomery, a restorer of faith, an instiller of confidence, the kind of leader men will fight and die for because they know that if they die they will not have died in vain.

Montgomery worked miracles on those desert sands—and after you've read McMillan's account you'll know why.

The Curtain Rises—

THIRTY FAMOUS ONE-ACT PLAYS, with an introduction by Richard Watts, Jr., Edited by Bennett Cerf and Van H. Cartmell. 617 pp. Garden City Publishing Co., New York. \$1.98.

Those two very busy gentlemen, Messrs. Cerf and Cartmell have been at it again—digging and delving into things theatrical and coming up with a volume rich with interest, information and entertainment for those interested in the stage.

In one fat volume, they have packed what they deem the 30 best modern one-act plays, most of them comparatively recent. They have included but one play by any one author, admitting this gave them difficulty and forced them to hard discipline in some cases, notably those of O'Neill and Coward.

Most of the one-act plays of today are presented by successful amateur groups and this volume is at once a survey of the best of their efforts and a guide to all little theatre groups.

International in its scope, the volume ranges from Anatole France to William Saroyan and includes one-act gems from Chekov, Barrie, Maeterlinck, Galsworthy, Moeller, Kaufman and Odets, among others.

We must refer to this, as we have others in the series, as a "theatrical treasure house," for that is just what it and its companion volumes by the same editors, the same publishers and at the same price, is and are.

The previous volumes in the series are: *Sixteen Famous American Plays*, *Sixteen Famous British Plays*, and *Sixteen Famous European Plays*.—R. L. P.

Topflight Text

EDITING THE DAY'S NEWS, by George C. Bastian and Leland D. Case. 426 pp. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.50

Editing the Day's News is refreshingly different from the run-of-mine textbooks in journalism in that it dispenses with frills and non-essentials and gets right down to cases—both upper and lower.

It is one of the few textbooks that is satisfactory as such and at the same time meets a newspaperman's requirements. This is not surprising when one learns that Mr. Bastian was a copyreader on the Chicago Tribune and also a lecturer in the Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University, while Co-Author Case was once of the staff of the Paris edition of the New York Herald-Tribune, formerly an assistant professor in the same school, and now editor of the Rotarian.

Any student who studies it will have a working knowledge of what goes into a newspaper and what is more important, he will have a good foundation on which to build a journalistic career.

The book accurately presents the duties of the men who make up the editorial department of a newspaper and, what is more, introduces the tyro to the mechanics of the trade in a fashion that will not have to be unlearned later.

This third edition also treats the important field of newspaper pictures with full awareness of their growing importance in the newspaper field, a subject which many a textbook glosses over with inadequate treatment. All in all, it is one of the few textbooks that is satisfactory not only to student and professor, but also to the journalist.—C. G. GOELZ.

Freeman

[Concluded from Page 9]

News; and the master wise-man of them all, John Kieran.

Naturally, a few intellectuals do not form an apology for any literary atrocities that might be perpetrated by lesser sports writers. But it should be emphasized that the trend is toward better writing in sports.

THE writing of the Dan Parkers, Frank Grahams, John Carmichael, Joe Williams, Sid Feders, Herbert Goren, Whitney Martins, Davis Walsh, Arthur Daleys, Caswell Adams compares favorably with that of any other in journalism.

And what of Ed Sullivan, of the New York *Daily News*, and Irv Kupcinet, of the Chicago *Daily Times*? Both were sports writers before they started writing their popular general news columns.

And, incidentally, just what's wrong with "Slingin' Sammy" for Sammy Baugh, "Jarrin' John" for John Kimbrough, "Leo the lip" for Leo Durocher? What is the heinous offense committed? Doesn't Sammy "sling"? Doesn't John "Jar"?

One sports writer called Gunder Hagg the "Gavle (pr. Yave-le) Gazelle," thus contributing to Mr. Pollard's earache since there are no gazelles in Sweden and hence the name was not, according to Mr. Pollard, appropriate.

This can lead only to one conclusion: either Mr. Pollard has had his tongue in cheek all the time, or else he is the nation's number one stuffed shirt.

Headlines Club of Chicago SDX Initiates 14 Men

Seymour Korman, Tribune War Correspondent, Relates His Experiences at Front

CHICAGO—Fourteen Chicago journalists recently elected to membership in Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, by the Headlines Club, the Chicago professional chapter of the fraternity, were initiated here Jan. 13 at the Hotel LaSalle.

The meeting was on the eve of the annual meeting of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism and the National Council on Professional Education for Journalism.

Those inducted were: Richard J. Finnegan, editor, Chicago *Times*; Everett Norlander, news editor, Chicago *Daily News*; Stanley H. Armstrong, day city editor, Chicago *Tribune*; Frank Smothers, editor of the editorial page, Chicago *Sun*; Harry Reutlinger, city editor, Chicago *Herald and American*; James C. Leary, science editor, Chicago *Daily News*; Jacob Burck, editorial cartoonist, Chicago *Times*; William L. Collins, assistant manager, Chicago bureau, *International News Service*; Thomas J. Howard, chief photographer, Chicago *Times*; Al Haughner, radio news rewrite, *Columbia Broadcasting System*; George A. Barclay, editorial assistant, *Western Newspaper Union*; George C. Reitinger, head, public relations department, Swift and Company; Dudley E. McFadden, public relations counsel, Carl Byoir and Associates, Inc.; and Seymour Korman, war correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune*, home on leave.

Speakers at the dinner which followed the initiation were Mr. Korman, who told of his experiences as a war correspondent in North Africa, Sicily and Italy during the invasions there, and Willard R. Smith, associate editor of the Wisconsin *State Journal*, Madison, Wis., recently elected national president of Sigma Delta Chi.

Mr. Korman was elected to membership in Sigma Delta Chi while an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin but left school before being initiated.

Among the noted journalism school men attending the meeting were: John E. Drewry, University of Georgia; Frank E. Schooley, University of Illinois; John E. Stempel, Indiana University; Charles E. Rogers, Iowa State College; Dr. Wilbur L. Schramm, University of Iowa; James L. C. Ford, Montana State University; Ralph Casey, University of Minnesota; Frank Luther Mott, University of Missouri; Norval Neil Luxon, Ohio State University; O. W. Riegel, Washington & Lee University; James E. Pollard, Ohio State University; Frederic Seibert, University of Illinois; Charles Allen, Northwestern University; Kenneth E. Olson, Northwestern University; W. A. Sumner, University of Wisconsin; and Frederick M. Pownall, University of Iowa.

WILLIAM P. STEVEN (Wisconsin '30), who resigned his position with the Office of Censorship, has resumed his job as managing editor of the Tulsa (Okla) *Tribune*.

THE QUILL for January-February, 1944

Career Concluded



William Allen White

One of America's best known and loved newspapermen came to the end of his journalistic career Jan. 29. William Allen White, the Sage of Emporia, who showed all the world how brightly a man's journalistic star may blaze in a small community, is dead.

The distinguished editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, the author of numerous books and articles, national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi, 1925-26, and an international figure in letters and journalism, had been declining in health for more than a year. An operation last October failed to halt the decline. He would have been 76 years old in February.

With him at the end were his wife, Mrs. Sally Lindsay White, and his son, William L. White, war correspondent and author.

After three years on the staff of the Kansas City *Star*, Mr. White bought the Emporia *Gazette* on borrowed capital of \$3,000 in 1895, launching an Emporia era that brought world-wide renown.

Through the busy years, Mr. White maintained an interest in Sigma Delta Chi and THE QUILL and cooperated in various ways in their operation. Delegates and officers attending the 1937 convention in Topeka had the pleasure of hearing him as a speaker at the convention banquet and of tendering him an ovation.

Servicemen Say—

"Let me say that since I've been in uniform I seem to enjoy THE QUILL even more than in civilian days, probably because it helps keep me in touch with what's going on behind the headlines."—CAPT. WILLARD M. J. BAIRD, Signal Corps, Falls Church, Va.

"Was rather disappointed, to put it mildly, to see THE QUILL go bi-monthly . . . but I appreciate it that much more now . . . particularly enjoyed that piece on Jack Singer . . . he must have been quite a good boy."—SERG'T. DON FREEMAN, Greensboro, N. C.

"The Sept.-Oct. number of THE QUILL reached me today. . . . Thanks for trying to keep up with me. I enjoy QUILL, especially this last number. Capt. Gale P. Littell, also SDX, is in this same headquarters and we often fan the breeze about newspapering days, SDX, and both find THE QUILL to our liking."—MAJ. TRUEMAN E. O'QUINN, APO 472, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Deadline for SDX Awards Entries Is Made March 1

Additional Time Allowed for the Preparation of Nominations

CHICAGO—The deadline for nominations for the 1943 professional awards made by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, has been extended from Feb. 1 to March 1, 1944.

Awards are offered for excellence in the following fields: General reporting, editorial writing, editorial cartooning, radio newswriting, Washington correspondence, foreign correspondence, research in journalism, courage in journalism (to a newspaper).

Nominations—All awards, except for Courage in Journalism, are offered to individuals on the basis of specific examples of work done by Americans and published or broadcast in the United States during the period of January 1, 1943, to December 31, 1943.

Nominations need not be made on any specific form; but each must be accompanied by a clipping (manuscript in radio division) with the name of the author, name of publication or broadcasting station, and date of publication or broadcast. Also, a statement revealing the circumstances under which the assignment was fulfilled should accompany the nomination, providing the circumstances were of significance. No manuscripts or clippings will be returned.

Research—This award is offered for an outstanding investigative study in journalism, based upon original research, either published or unpublished and completed during the specified period.

Courage in Journalism—This award is offered to a newspaper for an important public service rendered in the face of strong opposition from antisocial forces. The nomination must be accompanied by clippings or tearsheets from the newspaper revealing all phases of the service from beginning to conclusion, together with a statement of facts concerning the circumstances under which the service was rendered.

Judging—The material submitted for consideration for the awards will be judged by a jury of veteran and distinguished newspapermen. All decisions will be final.

Any award may be withheld in case the judges decide that none of the material submitted is worthy of special recognition.

March 1, 1944, Deadline for Nominations

Nominations and accompanying material must be received by March 1, 1944, and should be addressed to: Professional Awards Committee, Sigma Delta Chi, Suite 1384-86, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

The awards proper consist of bronze medallions with accompanying certificates.

PROF. J. EDWARD GERALD (Missouri '28), of the University of Missouri School of Journalism is enrolled in the graduate school of the University of Minnesota. He will spend the academic year working for a doctor of philosophy degree in political science with a double minor in journalism, and as teaching assistant in journalism.

Pictorial Journalism

[Concluded from Page 4]

PARTICULARLY outstanding among newspapers in the development of this trend of consecutively telling a story in pictures—by pictures in sequence—have been the so-called tabloid newspapers, such as the New York *Daily News* and *Mirror*, and the very alert Middle Western newspapers owned by the Cowles family—the Des Moines *Register* and *Tribune* and the Minneapolis newspapers.

Some years ago, I had the privilege of making a study of the Des Moines newspapers on the ground there. It was a revelation to me to see the care which their editors took to plan to tell stories in pictures.

Most impressive part of this was the manner in which detailed instructions were given to photographers as to what was the point of the story and how it should be told. I would like to call that to the attention of all newspaper editors.

Too often the photographer, who generally is a hard working, intelligent individual, is just told to "get a picture." As a result, he brings back the usual, hackneyed snap of Senator Soapsuds shaking hands with Mayor Crawfish, or else pointing out something to Congressman Rams-horn. Fortunately, the trend is away from this habit of letting the photographer do what he can without specific instructions.

In this telling of stories by pictures in sequence, *Life* also has been doing a lot of pioneering, as I found when I jumped from the frying pan of daily newspapering into the frying pan of *Time* and *Life*.

THOSE three trends—action, realism and consecutive story telling—strike me as the three most important trends in modern pictorial journalism. Closely allied with them are three major influences, which appear to me to have very important bearing on the use and treatment of pictures in journalism today.

The first of these is the widespread use of the so-called candid camera, the miniature or small camera with a very powerful lens which makes possible the taking of unposed pictures under almost all conditions. This has contributed greatly to the action and realism in modern pictorial journalism.

Although some very fine action was portrayed very realistically by the great photographer Brady in the War Between the States, I doubt if the trends of action in realism in today's pictorial journalism would have developed nearly as much as they have without the miniature camera and its candid lens. There may be some argument that we could get along without some of the candidness, but it undeniably has had an influence on two of the major trends in modern journalism.

The second important influence to my mind is the development of electrical transmission of photos, notably the *Associated Press Wirephoto*. This put emphasis on treatment of the picture as news, often as news almost simultaneous with the written word, and forced editors to treat pictures as news and not as something to fill the space between the type and to break up the solid appearance of a page of type.

There may well be argument that a lot of pictures transmitted by wire would never be transmitted if the wire were not

there with its hungry appetite, but scarcely a day goes by when there are not at least a couple of extremely newsworthy pictures coming in along with the written news. And that has had an important influence on pictorial journalism.

THE third major influence, and perhaps the most important influence is *Life* magazine itself. *Life* now is a little over 7 years old. In those 7 years it has grown from an initial print order of 446,000 to a weekly publication of over 3,500,000 copies, reaching something over 21,000,000 readers—or around a sixth of the total population of the United States.

I'm not listing those figures to brag about *Life's* growth, but as substantiation of my theory that *Life* has exerted a very powerful influence on modern pictorial journalism.

When *Life* was born in November, 1936, its purpose was defined as being: "To see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events; to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud; to see strange things—machines, armies, multitudes, shadows in the jungle and on the moon; to see man's work—his paintings, towers and discoveries; to see things thousands of miles away, things hidden behind walls and within rooms, things dangerous to come to; the women that men love and many children; to see and to take pleasure in seeing; to see and be amazed; to see and be instructed."

With this in mind, *Life's* editors have emphasized and always do emphasize news significance in every picture they look at—and that is some 16,000 a week.

Significance is the yardstick upon which pictures are selected for publication. The picture may or may not be photographically artistic, but it is imperative that the photograph have meaning and news value for all who see it. It must carry undertones of significance rather than flatly present a mere superficial facsimile. It is in this new definition of the significant picture, and in searching out and presenting such pictures, that I think *Life* has had its greatest influence on modern trends in pictorial journalism.

In doing this, *Life* has developed and improved some techniques which I think are having an effect on pictorial journalism.

FIRST of these is the use of big pictures—and I mean BIG. It is almost a primary rule in *Life* that the bigger the picture, the better the picture—and the more significance it has.

I realize that is something which all newspapermen might well remember, because too often I have seen good pictures ruined in newspapers by being printed too little. I personally have been ordered to save space and expense by holding down a fine action picture to two columns when it should have gone four or six. Thereby space and expense were saved but the picture was ruined, so far as interest to readers.

To my mind it is far better to have fewer pictures and bigger pictures than a lot of small pictures, none of which can be seen clearly, let alone be newsworthy or significant.

Another technique is skillful cropping

of pictures to take out insignificant gingerbread and to emphasize what is significant. Cropping of pictures is most important.

A fine example of this was done by the always-alert New York *Daily News* some years ago. The *News* photographer got a picture of Legs Diamond, the gangster, slipping through a door. It wasn't a good picture for Diamond as a whole, but it was a splendid picture of his eye looking out furtively from beneath a turned down hat brim. If the *News* had run the whole picture it would have been just another picture.

But the *News* was not caught napping. It cropped the picture down to the essentials of eye and hat brim—blew it up to four columns and published it. The result was as fine a picture of a furtive gangster as could be taken. Without this skillful cropping, the picture would have been a dud.

In this connection, I never had been able to see why newspapers generally have wasted so much space running full length pictures of men. There is positively no news significance or artistic appeal in the male leg, usually clad in baggy pants.

THIRD in the techniques which bear on the modern trends is getting the subject of the photograph in contrast with the background or else with a background which tells something about the subject. A lot of good news photos are ruined because the main subject is lost against a confused or messy background. Here again the value of a little advance thought and planning is valuable.

As a fine example of this, I recall a photo of the crash of the Eastern Air Liner near Atlanta.

Gabriel Benzur, *Life* staff photographer then assigned to the Atlanta office and now at sea with the Navy, went out to the scene of the crash. Instead of running to snap pictures of the tangled wreckage, which looked like all tangled wreckage, he looked around a bit and saw part of a wing caught in a tree. So he backed off and got a splendid photograph of the piece of wing in the tree with the crashed plane in the background and the morning light filtering through the trees. It told more of a story than closeups of tangled wreckage. The background helped a lot.

Those are some of the techniques which are having an effect on modern trends in pictorial journalism. There are no hard-and-fast rules, techniques or trends, because modern pictorial journalism is changing and developing all the time.

At the annual staff meeting of *Life* and *Time* in New York, I asked one of the major executives to give me a definition of pictorial journalism that I could relay to others.

Here is his definition—"Pictorial journalism is a combination of prescience, importunity and good editing."

KENNETH M. RUSSELL (Wisconsin '31), supervisory editor on the general news desk of the *Associated Press* in New York, has resigned to become assistant to the president and treasurer of the International Machine Tool Corporation. He will have charge of public relations and other matters for International, which has plants in Elkhart and Indianapolis, Ind.

PUBLIC RELATIONS BECOME MORE PUBLIC

If you are looking for evidence of the growing influence of daily newspapers—look at their advertising pages—

Note the increased, and increasing number of manufacturers and public service organizations using paid space for prestige and public relations advertising.

Since 1937 *Editor and Publisher* has conducted a campaign of editorials, letters, and advertisements to bring this result about.

How much of the progress made we could claim credit for we don't know—

But we have the satisfaction of knowing that we pulled a pretty strong oar in the boat.



NOTE TO EDITORS—
A forecast of something that,
come the victory, will be "hot
news" to the readers of your
women's pages.

Monsanto Chemical Company

POSTWAR

PLAN

FOR A MILLION OVENS



Odds are, you've never thought of *chemistry* in connection with biscuit-baking. Yet, the lightness of a good biscuit . . . its soft, tender, flaky texture . . . depend largely on properly timed chemical reactions in the mixing bowl and in the oven.

The chemical reaction in the biscuit dough takes place between the acid leavening agent and the alkaline bicarbonate of soda. This reaction releases carbon dioxide gas and the gas makes biscuits "rise." One of the most popular and effective acid leavening agents is Monsanto's Mono Calcium Phosphate.

Monsanto has a continuous research program dedicated to the improvement of Mono Calcium Phosphate. Yearly, thousands of biscuits are baked in Monsanto's own Baking Laboratories to test these improvements.

Thanks to this work, here's something to look forward to—better biscuits such as the one pictured here, with plenty of peacetime butter, too!

MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, St. Louis (4).

"E" FOR EXCELLENCE—The Army-Navy "E" barge with two stars, "representing recognition by the Army and the Navy of especially meritorious production of war materials" over a two-year period, flies over Monsanto's facilities in Illinois and over Monsanto plants at Anniston, Ala., and Monsanto, Tex. The Army-Navy Production Award also has been won by five Monsanto plants at St. Louis, Mo., Monsanto, Ill., Kankakee, Texas, and Springfield, Mass.

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